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THE TRIUMPH OF MUSIC ETC.

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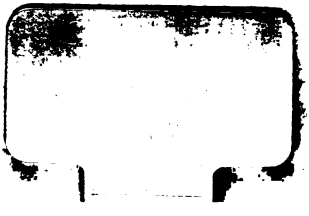

THE

TRIUMPH OF MUSIC

WITH OTHER POEMS,

BY

THE BLIND BARD OF CICESTRIA.

"I was all ear—
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

COMUS.

CHICHESTER:
WILLIAM HAYLEY MASON, EAST STREET.

1841.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE

CHARLES GORDON LENNOX DUKE OF RICHMOND,

&c. &c.

It is with humility I indulge the hope that my little Volume thus ushered to the Public, under your Grace's protection, may meet with all the candour and sympathy, its arduous strugglings, to emerge from obscurity, may seem to demand.

The pieces already before the world (through the medium of Ephemeral Publications) having received the highest commendations, encourages a hope almost amounting to confidence, that your Grace will not have cause to regret your condescension, in thus permitting my muse to hand your name as a passport for her appearance on the fields of literature.

With the utmost sincerity,

I humbly beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your Grace's obliged and grateful servant,

FRANCIS CHAMPION.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This little volume is not presented to the world, as containing the effusions of a mind, revelling in the sunshine of a liberal education; but as wild flowers putting forth their humble varieties in the bleak regions of relentless penury. At the early age of ten years the Author found himself a contributor to his own support, from which time up to the sad visitation of Blindness, his life was a continuation of active (though not laborious) employment. At the time when his mind was most susceptible of improvement, schools were not so general, or deemed of such consequence as at the present period; indeed the only assistance he received of this nature, was, what could be derived by an enquiring and juvenile mind, from a good old School-master, during the short space of twelve months. In justice to himself the Author considers he ought to acquaint the reader, that the usual amusements of youth, were thrown aside for the more pleasing and useful study of self-improvement; every leisure hour, every book and every intelligent person, being eagerly sought as a prize of sterling value. The poems are decidedly his own; but three grammatical objections appeared in the work which were rectified by the author: the faults noted in the errata were not in the manuscript. Here, he would intrude one hint to the young, "That as the benefits arising from self-improvement are various, so are they pleasing and permanent, they having cast a ray of light over the dark hiatus riven in his path (by the absence of vision,) which neither grief, nor care, nor malice can ever extinguish." The author became blind at the age of twenty-four, has since passed the same length of time, not only surrounded by darkness, but the most discouraging difficulties; deprived by penury of the common channels of knowledge and many of the most simple necessaries of life, therefore the poems here offered ought to pass the ordeal of criticism, rather as the thoughts and ideas of the age of twenty-four than as the productions of a more advanced period of life. With these few prefatory remarks, the author commends the following pieces into the hands of an impartial, (and in his case) he trusts indulgent public, entreating it to bear in mind the above statements as a guide to its judgment in the delivery of its verdict.

South Street, 1841.

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ERRATA.

Page 50, line 3, *sentence to commence* "For thy celestial voice, so great the love"

Page 86, verse 1, *read* thunders for thunder.

Page 87, stanza 2, line 6, *read*, No dark dungeons hear my wail.

VIEWS

FROM

OAKWOOD IN SUSSEX.

Let Oakwood claim my lyre, there first I breath'd
The air of inspiration from the muse,
There first my brows by woodland sweets were wreath'd,
And gaily sparkl'd in the ambient dews.

There first beheld the glorious morning blaze,
Its crimson ensign streaming in the sky,
The gorgeous eve, the milder Cynthia's rays,
The matchless splendour of infinity!

Shall I presume to woo the muse's aid,
To wrap in poesy this rural scene?
Wilt thou to me descend, celestial maid,
And tread the sunny vale, the woodlands green:

Beneath the covert of luxuriant shade,
Discourse of Nature in her native pride?
For tho' the brighter seasons often fade,
In every change rich beauties here preside.

First the long woods, a waving crescent form,
Within whose area, plants ambrosial smile,
Whose strength united turns the reckless storm
With friendly zeal from off the princely pile.

Oakwood! thou mind'st me of yon glorious star,
Which hides surrounding planets in his rays,
So thou, where ever seen, if near or far,
'Bove all around dost claim the stranger's gaze.

Ah! long before thy graceful form was rear'd,
Ere shrubs supplanted thorns and yellow broom,
I knew thy site, there once a cot appear'd,
(Named Ryefields Lodge) my youthful happy home.

How altered are thy scenes, thy bard how chang'd!
Then blithesome as the merry hounds I led,
Like them too, joyous through the woodlands rang'd
Nor ever dreamt such pleasures would have fled.

Not that wild sports could win upon my soul,
(Except when seen) far richer joys than these,
I woo'd; the gathering storm—the thunder's roll,
Th' impatient whirlwind hissing thro' the trees.

The books which revell'd in the din of war,
Shipwrecks, volcanoes, travels and escapes;
Of fiery comets, nay each twinkling star,
For art and nature in their varied shapes,

Were all deem'd treasures in my little store.
With such strange eagerness I sought each hoard,
As if I'd seen anon this hard-earn'd lore,
The future portion of a sightless bard!

Ah! sore my loss is felt, yet this I know,
The keen correction was in mercy given,
To prune my clinging thoughts from things below,
And train their vine-like tendrils up to heaven.

But how I ramble from my first intent,
Then 'tis so natural speaking of oneself
To babble on, when thoughts are this way bent,
Too often self presents the golden calf!

Within this park there is a beauteous dell,
Whose shades have often echo'd to my flute,
Where fancy too may hear the Muses' shell,
When all around, like chilling Death, is mute.

Yet in this lovely spot, 'tis said by some,
(Don't read too loud,) that spectres walk at night;
In firm belief the Peasant, hast'ning home,
Shuts both his eyes to 'scape the ghastly sight.

High on the hill, above this dreaded grove,
There is a spring unceasing in its flow,
Not with such force as Gambia's waters move,
But gently ripp'ling to the dell below.

But most of all these shades, there's one I love,
A consecrated spot, to friendship's shrine,
When glowing systems deck'd the arch above,
My friend was there, and made his knowledge mine.

Deep skill'd in science, and in moral lore,
Engaging in his speech and firm in truth,
In this retreat, he turn'd his treasures o'er,
To find new lessons to instruct my youth.

The *Marl-dell*, dearest friend, must ever reign,
(To me) as queen of every scene around,
Tho' thou art dead, these shades unchanged remain,
And hold thy precepts, only wanting sound.

Thou lordly Beech, how oft the writhing storm,
Hath made thee bend, yet still thou art the same;
Rearing as prince of trees, thy graceful form,
On whose rough bark is sculptur'd many a name.

Tho' proud thy form, yet not thine only boast,
'Neath thy broad shade, the Cattle seek their rest,
The freighted Vessel, as she nears the coast,
Eyes the tall beech, and hails its waving crest.

And now fair mansion, ere I close my lay,
Thy top I'll seek, and trace each distant view,
Here have I watch'd the morn, the ev'ning ray,
And systems rolling o'er th'ethereal blue.

First in the circle stands the lofty spire,
Cicestria's envied boast, of gothic style,
All who behold its beauteous form admire
The skill and taste, which rear'd the sacred pile.

Many, beneath its neat cathedral sleep,
Who lacking worth, yet coveting renown,
Have aim'd on faithless monuments to reap
Their shadowy honors from a marble crown.

'Tis well, such stony tongues proclaim their praise,
(For living tongues, of living matters prate)
Else would their actions dwindle with their days,
And king and beggar share one common fate.

Some sleep, who on no marble notes depend,
Their noble acts shall make their mem'ries live,
Thy corn-laws, Huskisson, the needy's friend!
May long thy graven elegy survive.

Ye sons of science, bow with pious awe,
Before yon tablet, Mackie's modest shrine,
His honour'd worth confirms this golden law,
Where virtue reigns!—there talents brighter shine.

Tho' agony wrings out the frantic groan,
And Nature shrinks when Science probes the wound,
Yet thanks will echo in each plaintive moan,
Where hearts of sterling gratitude are found.

On yonder tomb, fair Piety may gaze,
Once pals'd by anguish, revelling now in health,
To him breathe out her gratitude and praise,
Who gave to Woods, benevolence and wealth. (1)

From Quantock's hapless fate, we learn this truth,
That Pleasure, oftimes sports upon her grave, (2)
Death, claims alike, the unsuspecting youth,
The hoary wise, the careless and the brave.

Had I the harp which hymn'd the Trojan war,
A Virgil's science, or a Tasso's fire,
I'd ope the warrior's tomb, relight his star,
Nor let his glory in the grave expire.

Heroic shades! permit my feeble tongue
To laud your gallaht deeds, once nobly wrought,
Justice demands this tribute from my song,
And truth shall seal the tenor of each thought.

There rest th' illustrious dead of Richmond's line,
Statesmen and chieftains, worthy of the lyre;
Whose names like beacons, on our history shine,
And light the page with patriotic fire.

Murray! thou friend of Nile's all-conquering chief,
With whom thou shar'dst a patriotic soul,
A hero's heart! a grateful country's grief,
A place of record in her history's roll!

Here then is immortality of fame,
The highest pledge of England's fair regard,
But thou art honor'd with a double name,
A nation's Worthy and a Saviour's ward!

Yes, though at England's call he trod in strife,
And hurl'd the brand of slaughter to destroy,
He sought his laurels from the tree of life,
And gain'd an immortality of joy.

O'er the cold tombs, sit Hope and Fame entwin'd,
Where Alms, and Frankland wait the mighty day;
I'd have each hero by his palms enshrin'd,
But pity claims her tribute in my lay.

A Bard there sleeps, I blush to add his name
For poor Cicestria's sake, not his or mine;
His lyre without her aid, lit up his fame,
And stranger's fann'd, to make it brighter shine.

Collins, where is thy harp? once wild and sad,
Oh let me wrest it from its shadowy land!
I'd tune its strings, and make thy spirit glad,
That one remain'd who'd boldly try his hand.

Unhappy bard! in thy brief life we read,
'Twixt Want and Genius reigns perpetual strife;
To thee, thro' penury, thy powers were dead;
Now Want is conquer'd, Genius gives them life.

Great Chillingworth, thou need'st not minstrelsy
To laud thy worth; full many a faithful page
Remains, to prove thy zealous piety,
And waft thy fame to Time's remotest age.

And others sleep whose merits may command
Some mightier bard's report; my anxious lyre
Would on, where scenes of active life demand
Their just oblation from its humble fire.

'Tis timely said;—for hark! from yonder tower
The merry bells, as if to turn my strain,
Strike up a change, of such enliv'ning power
As wakes the echoes round the distant plain.

Next Bosham's verdant shades, once scenes of fame,
Display their waving beauties to the gaze;
Their vanish'd grandeur emulates my theme,
And draws forth glory from departed days.

There, once a castle rear'd its warlike breast,
And curling standards floated in the air,
There wav'd the warrior's, and the monarch's crest,
For there a Harold fill'd the regal chair.

At Bosham, Dugal, with his pious train, (3)
Within its monast'ry were wont to pray,
And there the daughter of a king has lain, (4)
But time hath swept her lineaments away.

No festive sounds of lordly feats remain,
No clashing spears, no blaze of glitt'ring shields;
Her sons are strangers to the Saxon chain,
And breathe with freedom in her peaceful fields.

Next yonder Isle uprears its rocky head,
As jealous lest th' aspiring waves be thrown
By some rough tempest from their native bed,
And lash'd too rudely on Britannia's throne.

Oh ! that all hearts would emulate thy truth,
And stem Oppression's first approaching wave,
Freedom would revel in perpetual youth,
And Concord triumph o'er the tyrant's grave.

Though, beauteous Wight, thy pearly cliffs defend
Albion's chief port from overwhelming seas,
O'er thy fair breast the richest scenes extend,
Whilst fragance mantles in the passing breeze.

Once as a Kingdom thou wert known of yore,
A pagan chief presided at thy helm ;
More firm thy rest since Peace has blest thy shore,
And joined thy hills to Britain's happy realm ?

From yonder hill a telegraphic frame, (5)
In hieroglyphics bold and well-design'd,
Spreads to an eager world the acts of fame,
With speed less tardy than the fleetest wind.

Oh man ! how great, how godlike are thy pow'rs,
Talents in mercy lent thee from the skies:
What strange ingratitude, to waste the hours
At folly's shrine, no trifling sacrifice !

When Peace was wreath'd, and savage War dethron'd,
And royal heroes trod on England's shore,
From thence brave Blucher viewed this scene around,
And own'd it chief of all he'd seen before.

Each year when Leo holds his sultry reign,
And Harvest, with her hook, on tip-toe waits,
A mart is held, where Comus leads his train,
And Buffoons emulate each other's feats.

Yon Stanstead tower, fast mould'ring into dust,
Like Oakwood's Beech, a faithful land-mark stands;
The home-bound sea-boy, with implicit trust,
Eyes thy tall form across the chequer'd lands.

Of thee 'tis told a shadow grim to sight,
As if in hatred of the human race,
Flits round thy walls, and waves a bluish light,
To scare the traveller from his lurking place;

But this is hearsay, therefore may'nt be true:
This much I know, 'tis years about fourscore,
Since under Halifax this structure grew (6)
To what it was, a summer house no more.

Where would'st thou lead thy bard O playful muse!
I've trifled on thy lyric strings too long,
We 'll shift the eye, a nobler prospect chuse,
Nor mar with jest the purport of our song.

How oft within yon sacred walls I've heard
The Gospel trumpet sound its notes of joy,
E'en then each precept from the holy word
Restrain'd the follies of the wayward boy.

Yes, Funtington, within thy church, the sound
Of holy truth first caught my youthful ear,
I there was told a rock of strength was found,
Whereon to rest the burthen of each care.

Not like the Alps, precipitous and wild,
Appears Bow-Hill, but clad in richest green,
Tho' rocks on rocks are not abruptly pil'd,
Its bold ascent lends grandeur to the scene.

Except when groups in merry sport rejoice,
A silence reigns, enhancing all its charms;
Not always thus, for once the trumpet's voice
Awoke its echoes to the din of arms.

O Rome! where was thy vaunted honour gone?
First conquering, then with fetters to enslave,
And basely leave, nor heed the frantic moan
Of Britain's sons, who called on thee to save.

The wary Saxons, by their 'plaints arous'd,
Spread their broad gallies on the British sea,
The foul betrayers of a trust reposed,
Pursuing those they'd falsely sworn to free.

To Bow-Hill's height the harass'd natives flew,
Summ'd up their strength, and watched the dawning light,
Then bathed their sandals in the morning dew,
And couch'd their lances for the murd'rous fight.

The conquering Saxons, glowing for the strife,
Had long been rallied in the neighbouring vale,
Fierce battle rag'd, and many a hero's life
Ooz'd bubbling out betwixt the treach'rous mail.

Once more the weaker Britons climb'd the hills,
Pursued by Cissa's overwhelming train,
Till gore rushed hissing from the mountain rills,
And hill and dale were reeking with the slain.

The fight was fearful, not as moderns stand,
And kill at random !—there was lance to lance,
Each foot, each knee, in strife, each grappling hand,
Whilst eagle eyes construed the rapid glance.

Four hardy chiefs disdained to fly their post,
And nobly fought 'till prostrate with the ground;
Cissa beheld, and bade his conquering host
Inter each hero, 'neath a funeral mound.

Next Stoke's delightful villa stays the eye,
And claims a notice in these rural views,
Its spacious park and rich plantations vie
With many a spot held sacred by the muse.

And Densworth too, as jealous of my lay,
Holds forth her snowy front, and verdant green,
Like yonder Stoke, she woos the Muse's stay,
To note her beauties in the rural scene.

We greet thee Sennicotts, a new-born friend,
Embalm'd in all ambrosial sweets afford,
And all that taste, and wealth, and art can lend
Are freely lavish'd from thy master's hoard.

Thy little Church! I laud the pious aim,
'Twas nobly meant,—for half the passing year,
(Thro' length of way) the aged, and the lame,
Ne'er cross'd the threshold of the House of Prayer.

Not far from hence, to aid our magic round,
Replete with wealth and elegance (tho' small)
Plantations wave, where gallant Crosbie found
A rest from war, in Northland's happy hall.

True as the needle flies to meet the pole,
Or Poets sing, when Thalia doth inspire,
So my fond thoughts from secret instinct roll,
Where I first breath'd beneath yon fav'rite spire.

'Tis well, else had I clos'd my rambling lay,
At Northland's hall; and Salthill's lovely spot,
Her graceful shades, her house and park so gay,
Had been neglected, shamefully forgot.

Oh rural life thy charms were ever dear!
At times when faithful Memory renews
Thy golden days of joy, the burning tear
Will moist the eyelids of the blind recluse.

Aye, oft-times when I smile I deepest feel,
And breathe the buoyant tones of gaiety.
My griefs shall ne'er to common hearts appeal;
Their pity mocks; I hate duplicity.

O Memory! thou mirror of the mind,
Reflecting all that's past in our brief day,
We oft thro' thy impartial aid unwind
The ball of Time, and view the trodden way.

Yes, happy scenes, though sorrow is my lot,
As if by magic, from oblivion caught,
Each sportive day, each friend, each well known spot,
Is nightly marshall'd in the fields of thought.

The present has no power to heal my woe!
The future, ah, 'tis there I'd seek my rest!
No famine reigns, where living waters flow,
Where bread of life is promis'd to the blest!

With thoughts like these, how irksome is thy load
Mortality! the soul would soar above
This puny earth in grateful praise to God,
And hail the fulness of Redeeming Love!

THE

TRIUMPH OF MUSIC.

Part I.

Music! thou heavenly science, lent with life,
Innate and not attainable by art;
For uninspir'd what soul can feel thy power?
To thee I dedicate my song, nor strive
To gain the vulgar mind: thy sons will join
The emulative strain, and smile that one
So feeble should attempt thy praise. * *

First on the rural green the peasant boy
With ruddy cheek calls forth thy humbler sweets
To aid the rustic dance—whilst, as he draws
The thread-bound bow across the half-tuned strings,

His eyes, his mouth, his head and feet combine
To shew thy influence o'er his untaught mind.
Aye long the sturdy lads and blushing maids
(With nature's ringlets flowing in the wind)
Had wove the merry Dance, with friendly strife
To tire each other down. But hark a cry—
Hey the club!—here comes the village band!
And all forsake the green. E'en he who play'd
The enliv'ning strain, as on he ran, was seen 2
To slack the creaking screws with hurried hand
And bag the lov'd companion of his heart.
Now the awaken'd echoes fly around
The busy scene; from yonder waving elms
A host of murky rooks (the vicar's pride)
Add their hoarse squalling to the general glee.
But see they come—now mark yon smoke-dy'd Smith,
With what importance up and down he shifts
His Clarionet, to give his fellows time,
And bid the drum resent the lusty strokes 3
Received, with louder noise:—he feels thy sway
And guides his train in rapture to thy shrine.

How solemn, yet how beautiful to see
The death-claimed warrior carried to his grave;
The slow but measured pace, the down-cast look,
The arms revers'd—his friends—the mourning horse—
The casque and weapons on his bier—unite
To make more sad this spectacle of death.
But, when the brazen Trumpet breathes its cry
Of piercing sorrow in the ear, a tear
Will shade the eye, the heart will beat, and show
Thy melting voice can call forth sympathy.

How the high heart with martial ardour burns,
When to the wars the fierce battalion's call'd!
Thy voice awakes its courage and its love!
As the loud Clarion sounds the glorious march,
The glittering swords reflect a thousand lights,
Whilst hands and banners wave, heroic dames
Hold up their babes, and weep adieu in smiles.

Was not thy voice so sweet, or we so fond,
How oft would mirth alloy thy choicest strains,
When by some chorus, song, or symphony,

Thy feverish sons are urged, their snowy heads
With oscillations rapid as their time,
Like some mechanic work, move to and fro.
But soon we catch the feeling of the hour;
As public testimonies of thy sway
We find our bodies rev'ling with our souls.

Now at the splendid ball we greet thy sound,
With smiles and buoyant heart salute the fair; 6
But when begins the vivac strain, each foot
Suspends its heel, and all the group seems grown
In stature, lightly tripping o'er the maze.

Now view yon sturdy trav'ller, climbing o'er
The lonely region of the aspiring Alps.
Benighted on a broad expanse of snow,
Oppress'd by want and doubtful of his way,
He looks around in wild uncertainty.
He smiles—his eyes wax bright—with head erect
He lists—a sound hath reach'd the stranger's ear. 7
Borne on the passing breeze, thy soothing voice
Conveys the hope of nourishment and rest.

The ready gate is open'd to his call;
With cautious step the trav'ller treads, for still
The swelling organ peals the midnight hymn.
Tho' invitations to the frugal board
And welcome fire, are press'd with earnestness,
The stranger stands—the solemn prayer—the hour
Th' imposing strains of grateful voices, raised
In thankfulness to God arrest his soul,
And make him deaf to every sound but thine.

Scotland! shall I omit the cheering notes
Which issue from thy bagpipes, like the voice
Of some old friend. From glen to glen, and hill
To hill, their echoes breathe the tones of love.
O where's a living Scot, whose noble heart
(When fetters threat the freedom of his home)
Swells not with honest ire? each martial air,
Blown from his native pipes, inflames his soul,
And as a lion routed from his lair
He glares terrific on the daring foe.
Here's one of Music's mightiest wreaths entwin'd
In Scottish hearts, and Liberty's the tree

On which the sacred blossoms had their growth.
O Liberty, thou soul-reviving charm!
With thee I'll boldly stem the tide of fate;
There's music in thy name, the very air,
Inspired by thee, breathes heavenly melody.
Tho' all be dark without, yet cage me not.
In every breeze, in every stirring leaf,
Or insect's hum I'll trace out harmony;
But if I'm fetter'd, tho' one single hair
Should knit the bond, let Music hold her peace,
Nor blend free echoes with a captive's groan.

The heart-subduing sound of yonder harp,
How deep, how wild, how mournful are its tones;
We hear them hanging on the breeze, we hear
Them sigh along the boggy plains, the woods
And hills take up their weeping notes, whilst rocks
And caverns yawn to gorge their echoes down,
As tho' they'd fain entomb the struggling spark
Of Ireland's liberty. Be calm—cheer up
My brothers, tho' old England stands between
The Gallic shores and thee, and so the wise

Would brace our friendship on; decline their aid,
Exchange forced trammels for the bond of love.
Let's hand to hand, and heart to heart, in love
Of soul and country join close brotherhood;
Thus shall Hibernia sip again the cup
Of nature's freedom, so a bounteous peace
Shall bless her hills, and tune her harps to joy,
Thus adding Shamrock to the Muse's crown.
Anon, the time shall come when Ireland's harp
And Scotland's pipes, with England's trumpet join'd,
Shall stifle with their joy distinctive names,
And all shall raise this universal cry,
Hail! to Great Britain, Briton's happy home!

How sweet the echoes glide among the hills
From yonder horn, from height to height above,
Below, their mellow tones salute the ear.
Not for the giddy hunt these rapturous strains,
(Where cruelty by custom authoris'd,
Usurps the field to bear away the palm.)
When Sol departing from his daily toil,
Hangs o'er the western sky his canopy

Of matchless glory, then the curling horn
Blown by some hardy Swiss breathes out to prayer—
And each within its pious call obeys
This welcome summons to the hut of thanks.
Suspended high above the busy mart
Of life, the Swiss enjoys sweet solitude
From common vice remote. A silence reigns
But one brief hour, and then again the horn
Shoots forth its echoes to the tow'ring hills;
And means at every blast to say Good night!

Music! Thou ceaseless charmer of the mind,
Which way we turn, thy gentle influence spreads
A magic balm. We hear the bleating flocks,
The tink'ling bell, the lowing of the kine,
The limpid streams, the songsters of the grove,
The merry changing bells, th' unkennel'd pack.
And if in deeper thought we seek thy sound,
We greet the howling wind, the lashing surge,
The cataract's roar, the thunder of the sky;
There's music in them all! And where the lack
Of sound prevails, the solemn silence speaks,

In order, love, and harmony, thy praise.

But chief of all thy powers, there's one so high
Above the rest, so grand in word and sound,
That my frail voice can scarce attempt its praise.
'Tis when in numbers vast, with talents rare,
In Oratorio, thy sons combine
To teach, amaze, and gratify the world.
First, the grand overture in varied strains
And time, now whining on the viol in love's
Persuasive tone, then roaring like the fall
Of magic floods, in league with harmony.
The mind thus rous'd from indolence is raised
And finely wrought to expectation pure,
And hope sublime. Now sweetly thro' the aisle
A voice of such seraphic tones steals by
As stays the breath, and bids e'en Silence still
More silent be. What majesty of style!
'Tis Mara's matchless self—no voice but her's
So rich, so firm, so soft, so near divine,
None else (unless an Angel spoke,) could breathe
Such thrilling transport to the heart. Now glide

Along the vaulted roof in swelling peals
Th' unrival'd Organ's lofty strains, not loud,
But chords so grand, so thrilling to the nerves,
So melting to the soul; her faculties
Once caught, are first suspended, then subdued;
Now softly swelling in the yielding air,
Then gently dying in gradations sweet,
To one full tone of matchless melody.
The soul entranced, beholds the angelic throng
Floating above the animating scene;
They smile approval on the glowing zeal,
And join their praise to aid the pastoral hymn.
The full Orchestra bursting on the ear
Shakes the vast structure to its massive base.
Thunder on thunder rolls throughout the pile;
All voices, hearts, and instruments are raised
In mighty hallelujahs to the skies.—
But who shall paint the thrilling of each nerve,
The rising hair, the beating of the heart,
When the shrill trumpets emulate the call
Of Zion's mighty trumpet in the hand
Of some arch-seraph to awake the dead,

And tell the end of Time's polluted reign;
When all who've breath'd of human kind obey
The all-constraining summons of thy voice.

Not Troy's immortal bard, or he, (if here)
Who sang man's loss of Paradise, could shew
One half the majesty that rules this work
Of piety and art. Well may I fail,
Whose hand hath scarcely touch'd the magic lyre,
Yet I'll pursue with self-reward, nor cease
Till Music's mightiest triumph both in earth
And heaven be told. Sing then my muse, and shew
The grand finalia of this tow'ring song.

In power of science and in souls unique,
The sons of Zetus close this glorious theme;
Now like the din of battle harmonize
The astounding torrent, or the lengthen'd peal
Of loudest thunder sounds this hymn of praise.
Delight, Amazement, Love, all stand entranc'd
To hear the echoes, frantic in their joy,
Fly round the trembling pile, repeating o'er

As if afraid some ear might lose one breath,
The rapturous burst of love and harmony.
Amazing power of sound! how shall I name?
Distraction bound in fellowship and love,
Union in uproar, and confusion sweet.
As if in joyous pow'r and grand, all sounds
By Nature claim'd, had met unanimous.
The soul exalted to its highest reach
Of extacy, sends up her shouts of praise
In loud hosannahs, "Worthy is the Lamb";
Amen, Amen! * * * * * *

Exalt O Music, to thy sacred brow,
(By Handel wrought) this token of his love:
A wreath of triumph from thy favour'd son.
His gentle shade in glory near the throne
Of light, and (save the arch-seraph's matchless strains)
In power of harmony pre-eminent,
To him is due this tributary song.

END OF PART FIRST.

THE

TRIUMPH OF MUSIC.

Part II.

Thou Holy Spirit, who didst tune the harp
For Israel's king, which drove a wily fiend
From frantic Saul; who raised Isaiah's song
In holy prophecy; who led that choir
Which hail'd the incarnation of a God;
Who freed the cave of Patmos from its gloom,
And spread around the exile's head thy rays
Of holy inspiration and of love:
O shed one spark of thy revealing light,
Undraw the splendid curtain of the skies,
So this adventurous song (which told so late
Th' exalted power of music on the earth)

Now shews her glorious triumph in the realms
Of light,—eternal, joyful, and divine.

When first created—man was innocent,
Each passing thought was gratitude and love.
But soon the baleful cloud of sin out-spread
Its dreary pall, excluding heavenly rays;
Thus sin and death supplanted light and life.
Anon the cloud was swept away, and man
Again beheld (thro' faith) the promis'd light.
Music! of thee I sing, thy small still voice
Breathes peace and ransom to the captive soul.
The golden trumpet of the gospel sounds!—
First by Jehovah blown, his Prophets next.
Angels and martyrs catch the sacred theme,
And heaven and earth unite in grateful praise.
Its sounds tho' sweet to man became a strong
And mighty blast, pursuing sin and death,
And shook those confines, dolorous—remote.
So loud the appalling sound, its echoes roll
In pealing thunders thro' the dismal shades;
From east to west, from north to south, each den

Each loathsome cave—each frozen waste—or flood
Of boiling fires—alike receives the shock.
Thy voice which speaks goodwill to earth and heaven
Here breathes out frightful agony and ire!
For nought is heard but self-reproach and groans
Of wild despair, and shrieks of frantic woe,
Increasing ever, and for ever heard.
The just decree is past, the curse of guilt
Shall hurl its vengeful brands, rebellious Sin
In all her state of tortur'd majesty
Shall rule. As jealous of his agony
The fiend Contagion propagates his pangs,
And self reproach wrings out the sharpest groan.
Thus mercy's notes so welcome to the blest,
Whose sounds of grace their golden harps inspire
Neglected long entail the wrath of God,
And Music triumphs e'en where demons reign.

Spirit of light, diffuse thy genial rays,
Direct the Muse, who plann'd th'aspiring verse
To weave her garland in the fields of Truth.

See on yon humble couch, that Christian smiles
At the advance of death, he hears the sound
Of Angels, waiting with the hymn of love,
To bear his spirit to the heavenly fields.
Soft notes of love, rapturous, delectable,
The glad'ning foretaste of approaching bliss:
He once was toss'd upon the sea of vice; 6
There storm on storm, in rude succession rose:
Awhile he hail'd the fury of their waves,
Till yawning gulphs, and winds obstreperous
Denounced a speedy ship-wreck to his soul.
O awful crisis!—'mid this war of sin,
This whirl of fierce untrammel'd passions; sounds
Of Music broke the infernal charm, and lull'd
The mighty tempest. Morning brightly dawn'd;
He heard with joy, thy all-subduing voice
Breathe free and sure forgiveness thro' the glad 7
Trumpet of the gospel. A light was seen,
The glorious Sun of Righteousness arose
With healing on his wings, the raging winds
Were stay'd—the thunders with their scathing flames
Were turn'd aside, and all was hush'd in calm,

The cloudless sun-shine of a day of grace.
Softly—he dies—he's gone—tho' nature writh'd
With pain, his visage wore the smile of love
And holy confidence. In high-wrought mood,
The muse, would follow in his flight, and learn
Th' extatic greetings waiting for the blest.

When the bold hunter climbs the dizzy heights
For prey, nor leaves one nook or crag unsearch'd,
The new-fledg'd Eagle eyes th'adventurous foe,
Heaves his frail wings and trembles as he stands;
He risks a timorous glance around the scene,
Wishing, yet dreading to commence his flight.
Anon the fowler springs upon the nest;
With one fierce plunge the Eagle spreads his wings,
Rides on the air nor seeks his eyry more.
'Twas so when death approach'd with rapid strides
And Nature wore the grave's cadaverous hue,
His soul affrighted by her untried strength,
Shrunk back—not from eternity! but death.
The prying foe pursued her secret haunts,
And took at length his last unerring aim:

She view'd the opening scene outspread her wings,
And shap'd her flight for everlasting joys.

Thus die the just, and thus this good man left
All human ties, all worldly strifes behind.
Freed from the earth, he heard the welcome voice
Of Music;—not encumber'd by the foul
And denselike vapours of the earth, but pure
And heavenly, floating 'round the broad expanse
By bright cerulean air, so rarified,
That but for countless orbs, which grac'd the sky,
No echo had responded to its sound.
A bright seraphic legion, bore him up
In triumph to his God; far as they sped
Thro' boundless plains of ether (here unknown)
Their loud hosannahs shook the vaults of heaven.
O blissful song! 'twas peace from God to man,
Thro' Jesu's love and wond'rous sacrifice.
Soon heaven's full glory open'd on his view,
For triumph seem'd in waiting for that hour.
But who can fit such scenes for mortal ken?
To speak of heavenly brightness in a lay,

'Tis meet to make comparisons from earth;
The soul may soar, but language is of time.
The darkest cloud out-shone the noon-tide sun
Yet mildly glorious to a spirit's eye.
O'er the broad space, in rich profusion, lay
Sapphires, diamonds, jaspers, and emeralds
With blushing rubies, topazes and gold.
With mild ascent amid the glittering plains
Is seen the sacred mount—the holy hill
Of God. Around its sides near midway up
There hangs a blazing veil of holy flame,
So passing bright that all the glories named
But serve as beauteous shades to rest the eye.
Behind this glowing gauze, on rocks of pearl,
Whose mighty bulk no earthly eye could span,
Whose style and grandeur, language cannot paint,
Appears the throne of God. But here we stop,—
For tho' thy muse beheld the glorious scene,
'Twould not be meet to shew forbidden things
To thee, lest thou to raise thy song, shouldst cast
A sacred halo round a scornful world.
Again to him we turn of whom we sing.

From heaven's Orchestra came a shining host
(Forewarn'd by seraph-guards) to welcome up
With heart and voice, another ransom'd soul—
Whilst to and fro, on holy errands sent,
The Seraphs fann'd their wings of golden hue,
And hail'd the spirit as they cross'd his way.
What heavenly sound! 'twas harmony sublime!
Now louder than ten thousand thunder's roll,
The great arch-seraphs strike with grand design
Their deep-ton'd harps in opening symphonies;
And then with strains, entrancing to the soul
Began the song of Moses and the Lamb.
Fainter it grew, till murmurs scarce could call
The willing echoes from their cloudy haunts,
Who whispering, sighing, died in extacy.
'Twas melting soft, 'twas fulness, 'twas divine!
With holy adoration, joy and praise,
Enrob'd in white, and crown'd with heavenly palms,
On clouds diaphanous and bright he kneels
Before the eternal throne. With golden harp,
In anthems rapturous and sweet (with saints
In number as the stars of night) he sings

Of sov'reign grace, and God's good-will to man.

Music, this wreath is bright as majesty
And worthy of thy brow—the voice of man
Enrich'd by wonder, gratitude and love.
A zone more dazz'ling bright, of high design
And mightier in effect, (tho' not more sweet
Than that by thee receiv'd) shall crown thy head
And make thee chief of all the heavenly choir.
When Time hath measur'd out his latest span 17
And man unconscious walks his round of life,
The clouds shall roll away, the skies shall part,
And brightness not beheld till then, shall pour
Its rays of heavenly glory on the earth.
The veil thus thrown aside, astonish'd man
Shall see a host of shining seraphs fly
From out the glowing vista, bright as noon;
And Michael chosen herald of the day,
Shall sound the golden trumpet of the skies;
When sounds not heard before, shall shake the vaults 18
Of heav'n, and Death shall vanish to his home.
We've heard the trumpet sound the martial knell

Its tones tho' heavy reach'd not every heart;
We've heard it bray its summons to the war,
When many a parent's aching heart rebell'd,
Tho' thousands hail'd it herald of their gain.
But who shall turn aside unmov'd when sounds
Its final blast—blown by a seraph's breath?
The trumpet of Omnipotence shall rock
The spreading universe. Ethereal fires
Shall shoot from every point their flaming balls,
Like burning stars about th'empyrean arch;
And thunders strange and mighty in their burst,
Shall whirl combustion through the confines bright.
Great nature shrinking from the sudden change
Shall quail with fear and abdicate her throne;
The pillars of the earth shall reel, the graves
Shall yield their sleeping spoil, the sun shall turn
To blood, the moon with every twink'ling star,
Which revels in her light, shall fall. Then man
Shall see in brightness, majesty and pow'r
The Prince of Peace, the mighty God, descend
To judgment on his clouds of light, and earth
And sea shall give attendance at the bar.

O blissful day! the swelling buds of hope
Now ripe, shall blossom in reality;
When light long seen afar shall be approach'd,
And Faith shall revel in her rich rewards,
Bestow'd for steady confidence and love.
The judgment past, the once rejected King
Will ride triumphant on his clouds of light
With saints and angels, myriads, in his throne;
The burning world shall dwindle from their gaze,
And hallelujahs, mighty in their sound,
Announce their progress through the skies to heaven.

Thus, Music, have I aim'd to doubly wreathe
Thy brow, first, with the lily and the rose,
Entwin'd with myrtle and the olive branch,
To show thy chaste, thy sweet, and peaceful reign
Of victory on the earth. Another wreath,
Of heavenly growth, waves high above the rest,
Pluck'd from the favor'd Amaranth to mark
Thee sov'reign leader of th' angelic choir,
(Oh heavenly triumph!) now in glory clad
Of Angels, crested with the diadem

Of unity and joy. O Music, take
This frail oblation from a grateful soul,
For thy celestial voice. So great the love
I own, that fain I'd hold it fast in death,
And hear its strains refin'd by heavenly air:
Yes—when the ranks of happy saints shall stretch
Their lines across the wide champaign of heav'n
Impell'd by holy zeal thy bard who sings,
Would join the ransom'd in their hymns of praise.

THE ORPHAN.

I stray'd thro' the mansion of Death in my rambles:
Whilst viewing the wreck of mortality there,
I saw a young damsel, begirting with brambles
A newly turf'd grave, with affection and care.

I sued for the motives which urg'd this employment;
She said 'tis the home of old Alice (and sigh'd;)
To shelter her grave is the richest enjoyment,
That falls to my share since my patroness died.

My father was slain with the brave of his nation,
Who stain'd the rough waves of Trafalgar with gore;
My mother's keen anguish refus'd consolation,
My infantile prattle could soothe her no more.

She died in her grief, but I was not neglected,
Old Alice the good (by that name she was known)
Took charge of the Orphan and made her respected
By stranger and friend, and caress'd as her own.

The tear-drops now trembled from exquisite sorrow,
And roll'd down her cheeks, as she turn'd to depart,
She could not from int'rest such witnesses borrow,
They sprang from her love, they were drops from her heart.

THE RESCUE.

One morn as I walk'd by the side of the ocean,
To inhale the fresh breeze, ere the heat of the day;
I saw the sun rise with delightful emotion,
For each wave as it roll'd, seem'd to borrow a ray.
The larks were their sonnets of gratitude paying,
And the clouds deeply blush'd 'twixt the azure and gold,
The soft-breathing zephyrs in circles were playing,
The beauties of morn and its sweets to unfold.

But as I indulg'd in a rapture of feeling,
In a whirlwind the half-breathing zephyrs were lost;
The sky became dark, the loud thunders were pealing,
And the billows to mountains terrific were tost.
Near the shore rode a bark, in her anchor confiding,
A faithful old dog and a lad watch'd the store;
In a moment, the vessel was hurl'd from her riding,
And dash'd on the breakers which guarded the shore.

The lad pierced the air with the cry of distraction,
As he clung to a fragment, o'erwhelm'd by each wave,
When a sturdy old friend prov'd his honest affection,
'Twas the faithful old dog, it was Hector the brave.
I saw with amazement his efforts whilst striving;
At length he was thrown by the surf near the wreck,
Then dauntless beneath his old ship-fellow diving,
Rose again with the stripling astride on his back.

The lad kept his seat, and like Neptune appearing,
Rode safely to land, in a transport of joy;
But his faithful preserver that joy was not sharing,
For he died at my feet when he'd rescu'd the boy.
Near the beach he reclines; there the roaring of billows,
The fury of tempests can reach him no more;
His grave is not mark'd by inscription or willows,
But gratitude points out the spot on the shore.

THE PIANO OF LISZT.

Written after a Concert at Chichester, on the 17th. August, 1840.

How beautifully wild that fairy touch—
Like pebbles gently dropping in a stream,
Then warbling as the lay of some stray bird
Of Paradise. Scarce reaching sound, the tones
Swim rippling, gliding, whispering along;
As one could dream, embark'd on floating leaves
The watery spirits hail the rising sun.
The rapid bass now rumbling in the ear
Portrays an Earthquake struggling to be free,
And then with sudden rush of tenfold power
The mingling notes assume the torrent's roar:
Again the swelling murmurs softly roll—
Fleet as the bounding Lama scours the wild
The pliant fingers fly. I dare not breathe

Lest one sweet note of Joy's extatic time
Be lost. A thousand harmonies prevail—
Each note a word, each word a song of bliss.
The soul entangled by the silken chain
Is led to Rapture's last abandonment.
I've felt the power of sound approaching pain,
By turns (enslav'd by Harmony) have wept,
Have sung, have danc'd and trembled at her feet:
But here's the soul, the poetry of sound,
A vivid painting hanging on each tone;
Here joy, and hope and love are all display'd
In Liszt's Piano's all-eclipsing power.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES GORDON LENNOX, EARL OF MARCH,

On the Twenty-First Anniversary of his Birth-Day,

February 27th., 1839.

Wake, harp of the Bard, waft his warm salutation!
To the fair Lord of March, he his sonnets would raise,
Whose spirit too high to permit adulation,
May receive with a smile this short tribute of praise.

Through the bright curling horns, pour the anthem of gladness,
Let the trumpet's shrill voice bray its echoes around,
Bid the flute and the viol chase the murmur of sadness,
And strike the loud timbrel to heighten the sound.

Awake ye retainers, e'en Phæbus rejoices,
Unfurling his banner of saffron and gray,
Repair to the hall, with your hearts and your voices,
Cry—hail Lord of March! blithe returns of the day!

Awake noble guests, see, the benches are reeking
With the richest profusion that art can afford,
Ye cannot a welcome or zest be found seeking,
Where Richmond's high baron presides at the board.

Awake noble March to receive the fond greeting,
Which sounds through thy hall from th'illustrious throng,
Who with bonnets in hand are impatiently waiting,
To usher thy birth-tide with plaudit and song.

Awake valiant Richmond, thy son waits to bless thee,
With high expectations of virtue and love;
Awake noble Dame, in his arms he would press thee,
And invoke by thy lips a behest from above.

All hail Lord of March! may thy forefathers' glory,
E'er shine on thy house as a sun on its wall;
May the acts of thy life grace a page in their story—
Make honour thy buckler, then conquer or fall.

Be alert as the ant to the calls of thy station:
As the hydra of old was by Hercules slain,
So tread down the foes of thy church and thy nation
And stand by the Queen, as a rock in the main.

Greet the sunbeams of peace ere life's hoary declension,
Then with joy thou shalt lay thy bright coronet down,
A mansion of bliss wait thy spirit's ascension,
And thy brow smile beneath a celestial crown.

(And sha'na auld Scotland rejoice as a mither,
Sine March is her bairn and she fond as the dove,
Yes, yes, her auld pipes shall resound o'er the heather;
Tho' he's distant frae hame she has muckle o'love.

And sine in affection we twa are united—
Ye ken what is due frae a chief to his clan,
Wha hae muckle o'pride, and they monna be slighted,
Sae come o'er the borders and sip o' their can.)

Strike the harp, for its sound a sweet feeling infuses,
Strike the harp for it's tones so enrapture the soul!
Strike the harp as an off'ring well meant by the muses,
Let the echoes spread glee as its harmonies roll!

SONNET TO VICTORIA.

Be thou a zephyr on thy empire's tide,
And gently smooth each undulating wave;
A palm of victory waving o'er the brave,
A tree of beauty on a mountain's side.
A star of virtue for thy nation's pride,
A rod of terror to the treach'rous knave,
A key of freedom for the tortur'd slave,
A matron's pattern, in a royal bride.
A patient Uriel, waiting on the wise,
A house of shelter, in a wilderness,
A heart of truth, Affection may caress,
A watchful Seraph, pointing to the skies.
Thy England, then, shall triumph in the zone
Which makes Victoria and her Albert one.

SONNET TO ALBERT.

England would have in thee a brazen shield,
A rock of refuge carv'd in adamant;
In Freedom's weal, a Giant in the field—
A bow of lustre, in her firmament.
A life-boat, watching on a stormy sea,
A river, flowing in a desert land,
A patriot's soul, unscath'd by jealousy,
A sword of justice, clench'd by Pity's hand.
A sage in lore, a faith unawed by fear,
The plighted guardian of her spreading fame,
A friend to science, and a father's ear,
A love, untarnish'd for thy royal dame.
Then shall this Motto thro' the world be seen,
"Albert for England—England for her Queen."

THE ROYAL CHAPLET.

For May 24th, 1840.

Awake! O Muse, thy emblems to employ,
Exalt thy voice, the sacred streamlet flows,
Bid Albion rise in universal joy,
To crown Victoria with a blushing rose.

And Muse of Erin, let thy bards arise,
And tune their harps to hail Britannia's Queen,
Let their loud plaudits echo to the skies,
And crown Victoria with the shamrock green.

Ye Bards of Scotland own the triple lay,
Let every lass of sheen or russet gown,
Join with her lad to greet the happy day,
And crown Victoria with the thistle down.

Celestial Virtues, join the loyal throng,
Ye Graces, hail her on the Pantheon shell,
Shed your bright influence on the natal song
And crown Victoria with a lily-bell.

Should Conflict dare her royal steps pursue,
Thou Prudence, hush the tumult to a calm,
Award thy triumph as her honour due,
And crown Victoria with the spreading palm.

And thou angelic Sympathy attend,
Where harrowing griefs, the hues of vigour blanch,
Bid her soft words of consolation lend,
And crown Victoria with a willow branch.

And next sweet Peace, we woo thee, from above,
To place thy emblem on her youthful brow,
Breathe in her heart the attributes of Love,
And crown Victoria with a myrtle-bough.

Let Sharon's odours hang upon her breath,
And Salem's treasure lend its brightest gem,
Thus Piety completes the natal wreath,
And crowns Victoria with a diadem.

A POET TO HIS WATCH.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, thou busy meddling fool,
Bards are a class not subject to thy school;
They toil in mazy verse the live-long night,
And stay th' inspired moments in their flight.
Drudging mechanics may thy aid require,
Not wide ad-libitum confines the lyre,
But thou dost prate so much of flying hours,
I scarce feel justified to wreath my flow'rs.
Yet I'll not chide thee, lest intent divine,
Hath placed thee here rich precepts to enshrine:
Tick on old friend—'tis well thou let'st me know
With what rapidity the moments flow;
How every hour and every passing day,
My span of life is waning fast away;
May I so well account for hours at last,
As not to dream I've heard thee tick too fast.

THE

MINSTREL OF THE SUN.

A Vision.

Methought that near a spacious lake I stood,
The season Summer, and the day was fair,—
The vale was deck'd with many a fragrant wood,
Which spread ambrosial sweets throughout the air.

In front the ruins of a castle reel'd,
And on its right were cliffs of metal ore,
Down whose rough sides a cataract's thunder peal'd
And shook the valley with a deaf'ning roar.

Towards the left the distant hills in chain
Help'd form the magic ring on which I stood;
'Twixt whose blue heights appear'd the trackless main,
With vessels skimming o'er the ambient flood.

There lay hard by the margin of the lake,
Of fine wrought work, a harp of purest gold,
With this inscription,—"Let no minstrel strike
My brilliant cords, save he who'd tune them bold."

The glistening foliage, by the zephyrs blown,
The glowing colours which the cataract gave,
The shorten'd shadows from each object thrown,
The livid fires that played upon each wave,—

E'en the high rocks, so rich in dazzling ore,
Did bright as golden edifices glow,—
All, all, proclaim'd that Sol was riding o'er
And spreading glories on the scenes below.

Whilst yet I pondered in my busy mind
The heavenlike beauties of a scene so fair,
A gentle rustling in the wood behind,
Made half-wak'd echoes ride upon the air.

Anon emerging from the emerald grove,
I saw with measur'd step a hoary sage,
Whose features beam'd tranquility and love,
And snowy ringlets mark'd his reverend age.

A silvery beard reach'd flowing to the waist,
A spotless robe whose woof e'en snow outvied;
A crimson scarf thrown o'er in careless taste,
And on his feet were azure sandles tied.

O'er his white neck a chain of gold was thrown,
A tablet where the seer his thoughts might trace,
Was seen suspended from the glist'ning zone;
His voice celestial, and each movement grace.

Not Rome's Pantheon holds within its ward,
Nor can the labours of the artist boast,
Or Poet's song, such form as wore this bard,—
He seem'd descended from a seraph host.

He saw me not, for sidelong to his way
I stood, but soon he reach'd the tuneful prize,
And did such grand harmonious rambles play,
As rais'd the soul in rapture to the skies.

Whilst thus he proved in symphonies its tone,
Sublime vibrations through the valley rang;
Tow'rds the bright Sun which then in splendour shone,
He rais'd his head, and thus his glories sang:

"Shall Judah's harp lie silent on the ground,
Because its mighty harper sleeps in death?
Shall planets rule, unlauded by its sound,
Except accompanied by monarch's breath?

No! Jesse's son may sleep; awake O muse!
Who taught the Jewish bard to hail the skies,
Inspire each breathing in the theme I'd chuse,
To sing of Light and shew its earliest rise.

Upheld by thee I'll boldly mount the air,
With harp and voice, to hail thee King of Day;
The attentive muse, in answer to my prayer,
Thus lends her influence to the aspiring lay.

For thee, O Sun, I'll strike this golden lyre,
And raise my song with such exalted force,
That its high theme shall reach the eternal fire,
Which gave thee glory from its hallow'd source.

When Chaos fled the planetary space,
And worlds of darkness stray'd throughout the dome,
A Spirit moved o'er nature's clouded face,
And bid empyreal Light disperse the gloom.

Nor here did His unerring wisdom stay,
But caused the shapeless glare to part in twain,
Thou splendid Sun to rule the active day,
And lesser Moon to hold her nightly reign.

Then dawning gray bespoke thy heavenly birth,
Æolus lent a rarifying breeze,
To break the mists from the completed earth,
And bear their vapours to remotest seas.

In Eden first the undivided ray
Stole on the night and broke her silent chains;
On Eden first the golden tints of day
Stream'd from the clouds across the Elysian plains.

Then fair Aurora wing'd her early flight,
And with vermilion streak'd the purple skies,
Whilst chosen Uriel, harbinger of Light,
Skimm'd on the air to hail thy brilliant rise.

When from the east th' effulgence of thy rays,
Struck the cold earth and brighten'd every star,
Attendant seraphs at the gorgeous blaze
Link'd airy coursers to thy fiery car.

The snowy steeds impatient of delay,
Champ'd on their bits, and tugg'd the silken reins,
And paw'd (as Horæ oped the gates of Day)
The rising mists, and shook their flowing manes.

Great Sol whose light this golden harp inspires,
Now own'd as sovereign by the starry zone,
Came forth emblazon'd in his orient fires
And roll'd majestic to his sapphire throne.

Celestial music broke upon the ear,
The shouts of myriads join'd th'imposing sound,
On winds from star to star, from sphere to sphere,
Ten thousand echoes bore the triumph 'round.

E'en Heaven's arcade with loud hosannahs rang,
With high-toned harps of harmony sublime ;
But who shall speak (when none but angels sang)
The words which hail'd the birth of thee and Time?

Now Phœbus as he cast his smiles below,
Took with the reins his grant for coming years,
Then swift as arrows from th' elastic bow
Sprang the proud steeds and plung'd amid the spheres.

With furious speed they beat untraversed air,
And wheel'd thee glowing from thy fiery source,
Nor could they stray—for lo! the Spirit's care
Had hung celestial lamps to mark their course.

The spark'ling Zodiac forms the spacious round,
O'er which thy future revolutions lay;
Whose mystic signs by ancient sages found
Float on a ring to shew thy destin'd way.

O mighty work! the firmament on high,
The glowing worlds, which float from pole to pole,
With countless systems far beyond this sky,
Were made one grand, one universal whole.

Seraphs who worship at the Spirit's feet,
Saw the bright circle (by permission given)
And prais'd that power who round his mercy seat,
Had rais'd so vast, so new, an outer heaven.

Thus Time with thee began, nor canst thou stay,
Till his brief sojourn on the earth be o'er,
Then (Christians hold) this world must pass away,
The stars shall fall, and thou shalt shine no more.

Thus have I dar'd to leave the busy earth,
And walk the skies, to greet thy heavenly face,
Have trac'd the mighty wonders of thy birth
And marked thy journey o'er cerulian space.

Some bards more skilful may attempt thy praise,
And bring an off'ring brighter far than mine,
May drain from language every brilliant phrase,
Yet not more grateful that thy glories shine.

Long had'st thou reign'd e'er I had tun'd a lyre,
Long may'st thou stay when I am sunk to nought,
If nobler songs thy dazzling rays inspire,
Reject not mine, though they outstrip in thought."

The sage now plac'd his harp upon the ground,
And walk'd in solemn majesty away,
Still the entrancing rhapsody of sound,
Left in mine ears seraphic harmony.

Yet eyes would turn to learn the hermit's way;
He went beneath the roaring cataract steep,
Now lost, now seen, amid the foaming spray,
He seem'd a wandering spirit of the deep.

At length the sage beneath the flood was lost,
The castle, cataract, harp, and spacious main;
Lake, hills, and foliage in confusion tost,
And I returned to solitude and pain.

Too short the beauteous vision blest my sight,
For malady had seal'd my aching eyes;
Once they beheld the sun's refulgent light,
Though vainly now they seek th' illumin'd skies.

I scarce had reach'd the zenith of my youth,
When fell disease my sense of seeing stole;
And I awak'ning felt the sick'ning truth
Press tenfold heavier on my drooping soul.

Such deep impression had the vision made,
I wish'd till death had stay'd the pleasing dream;
But I alas! had yet to walk in shade,
Unblest by e'en one solitary beam.

As love of song had oft its solace brought,
My soul in lays would then unfold her grief;
And thus address that Sun (by feeling taught)
Whose rays alone could bring the wish'd relief.

O sacred Light be thou my constant theme,
Whene'er my fancy would her pinions try;
Hail! thou bright spark of that celestial flame,
Which guides the soul and points her to the sky.

Enrob'd in light thou walk'st the trackless air,
Blazing thy majesty to all around;
By every star that aids to hem thy sphere,
Intrinsic treasures from thy rays are found.

I've seen the morn's horizon dipp'd in gold,
With lines of brilliant crimson drawn thereon,
I've seen that sight most glorious to behold,
Thy rapid journey 'round the splendid zone.

I've seen th' aspiring lark ascend the skies,
When Nature sought relief in balmy rest
As she were jealous lest thy sudden rise,
Should find her silent in her humble nest.

I've seen thy face on the pellucid stream,
And watch'd the dew-drops trembling in thy rays;
And now my muse to shape the ideal dream,
Portrays in song the bliss of former days.

O heavenly Light! must Darkness ever curb
My eager thoughts, and cloud thy cheering face,
Or yet unveil'd shall I behold thy orb,
Whose geneial heat o'erspreads the glowing space?

Should'st thou be lost and Night for ever chase
External objects from this earthly dream,
My soul would hie to song-inspiring Greece,
And crave a draught from the Pierian stream.

Then would I flee these scenes of pain and death,
And raise my harpings to Urania's lyre;
With soul inflated by the Muse's breath,
Join earthly music to th' aerial choir.

But should one spark from pure Religion's fire
Illume my feelings with its hallow'd flame;
Th' adventurous muse would then to heaven aspire,
And make the Sun of Righteousness her theme.

If by His light I find the heavenly road,
How would I hail the mystic power of Night,
That closed my eyes to lift them up to God,
And drew a veil to give immortal sight.

SONNET ON SYMPATHY.

Hark! A soft whisper's floating in the wind,
A small still voice, tis heavenly Sympathy;
She comes to heal the lacerated mind,
And free the bosom from its struggling sigh.
If deeply sunk in sickness, or in woe;
If hardly press'd by Penury's griping hand,
Then Sympathy, unsoil'd as Alpine snow,
Looks from the clouds and waves her cheering wand.
Light as the downy thistle on the breeze,
Light as the lark when soaring in the sky,
Light as a vapour, rolling on the seas,
Seem all mishaps, when sooth'd by sympathy.
By her is love, and reverence inspired,
By her the breast of gratitude is fired.

SONNET ON PRAYER.

A solemn form of thankfulness to heaven
Breath'd from the soul, in Faith's triumphant hour,
A current passport, by th' Almighty giv'n—
The Spirit's token of his quick'ning pow'r.
If the dark clouds of unbelief fly low,
And Faith, and Hope, are grappling with Despair,
'Tis then a mighty trumpet to our woe,
And calls for succour in Emanuel's ear.
A place of strength, to which the soul may creep,
When men, and demons, rally to destroy.
A pleasing, pow'rful charm, for when we weep
It turns our mourning to a day of joy.
A stream of hallow'd light, by which we trace,
The only passage to a throne of grace.

TO MILTON.

A SOLILOQUY.

Dear Milton, in misfortune we are knit
As brothers, clouds of darkness cast their shades
Of night about thy path, so do they mine.
Like thee I vainly turn my eyes, no light
To cheer, no well-known objects meet their gaze.
All, all is dark without, yet one bright ray
More glorious far than mid-day sun, doth pour
Its genial influence in the love of song.
Our souls are twain; thou as a tow'ring lark
Didst soar on high and spread thy swelling notes,
Till earth,—and air—and heaven received their sound;
While I, the humble finch, would imitate
In simpler song (within some shelt'ring bush)
Thy mighty notes, and love th' aspiring aim.
The lark towers high above the hov'ring hawk,
And thus escapes his glance; so thou didst soar.

Thy talents with empyreal brightness ting'd,
Have raised thy song in mighty triumph, high
Above all other claim and thus defied
The critic's regal power. In feebler strains
I sing, and yet like thee escape; beneath
My friendly shrub do warble unobserv'd
My humble notes, conceal'd from public scorn.
Again; thou art a rock! whereon the bards
Of future time may safely stand erect;
There,—on thy pristine base, astounding strength,
And sky-clad heights, sublimely ruminate;
Whilst I, a pebble at thy feet, perchance
By trifling semblance may create a smile.
'Tis well: I'll still pursue th' advent'rous toil;
As when a child who joins his infant song
Where Science leads the choir, may chance to breathe
One tone to harmonise, thus may not I
Oft list'ning to thy echoes, strike one note
In concord with thy soul?—this done I'll sing
No more; lest future strains should mar such high
Behest; but throw my lyre aside, then smile
On night, and proudly say "I live a bard!"

THE ANTIDOTE TO DESPAIR.

A baleful hydra, like the pall of night,
  Broods o'er my life, and blackness rules below;
No soothing hope, or faithful star of light,
  To cheer my journey o'er the treach'rous slough.
Fly from Despair!—how burst the Saga's charm?
  Will foul Inebriation set me free—
Philosophy uncoil th' Eturian's form,
  Or make each gripe, a press of ecstasy?—
Shall splendid fêtes, or dissipation, loose
  The Gordian tie,—renown and sounding names,
Or honours drench'd in gore,—let slack the noose,
  And prove Æneas 'midst devouring flames?
No—all are vain! Yet, to escape Despair,
There's one sure way—by all-subduing Prayer!

SONNET TO MERCY.

When Sin polluted Eden's sacred ground,
And man retreated from his God, with fear,
Thy soothing voice was heard (O rapturous sound)
Breathing forgiveness in a trembling ear.
The world blasphemed; it reek'd with crime and blood,
As though each vice contended for its day;
Noah, through Thee, rode safely on that flood,
Which drench'd the earth, and wash'd the curse away,
Thou raised from Israel's neck th' Egyptian yoke,
The rock pour'd streams, the pestilence was stay'd,
The weighty chain of Babylon was broke,
For Mercy pleaded when the sufferers pray'd.
Nay more!—thy love disgrace and death defied,
For Mercy triumph'd when a Saviour died.

SONNET TO THE CHURCH.

Thou art a fountain, open to the blest,
From whose full spring the living waters flow,
A Mount of Olives, for the pilgrim's rest
A sheltering harbour, in a sea of woe.
Thou art a mirror where the seers combine,
To hold a bright assemblage to the eye,
A Universe, whose constellations shine
In light, reflected from infinity.
A garden lovely, yea, as Eden's field;
For Love and Peace the stragg'ling tendrils bind,
And Hope and Faith their glowing blossoms yield,
In Thee that Tree of promises we find,
Whereon is seen, eternally in bloom,
A Rose of odoriferous perfume.

THE EXILE OF ST. HELENA,

Canto the First.

———"how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till Pride, and worse Ambition threw me down."

MILTON.

Ploughing broad Atlantic's ocean,
For Helena's Isle we stood;
To avoid a storm's commotion,
Tempest vex'd the mighty flood.
Oft in youth I lov'd to ponder
O'er the myst'ries of the sky;
Nightly too would oft-times wander,
Far from every human eye.

When I've heard the ocean roaring,
When I've heard the thunders roll;
Saw the vivid lightnings pouring,
Then I felt the poet's soul.

Now to raise my humble measure,
Nature's depths I search with care,
To collect her golden treasure,
Mount in soul the rapid air.

Now I saw the appalling onset,
Of an elemental war;
Black'ning clouds,—for now 'twas sunset—
Chok'd in darkness every star.
When we'd gain'd secure our landing,
Much I wish'd to climb some height;
Where the sea and sky commanding,
I could view their hostile might.

Soon was found the sought-for station,
By the lightning's lurid flame;
Shrubs which clad the elevation
Told it bore Diana's name.
Ere I'd gain'd its fearful tow'ring
On its utmost point I saw,
One, who though his brow was low'ring,
Struck my mind with silent awe.

Bare his head though winds were raging,
O'er his breast his arms were cross'd,
With the storm in thought engaging,
With a storm his soul was toss'd,

On his head the rain was pouring,
Calm he bore its drowning force—
Calm he heard the tempest roaring—
Calm he view'd its fiery course.
Times there are when feeling urges,
Sounds must shapen what we feel:
When he heard the dash of surges,
His he then could not conceal.

Now his hands with anguish wringing,
As o'er Memory's page he ran;
From his half-closed eyes were springing
Tears which ne'er disgrace the man.
Though the storm pursued its rigour,—
Though relentless still the wind,—
Yet as one who'd found new vigour,
Thus he eas'd his burden'd mind.

"See the stormy spirit riding,
In the sable car of night;
Swift through every cloud is gliding,
Streams of blue electric light.
Jarring thunder rolling round me,
Shake the skies with echoes loud;—
Seas which every where surround me,
Heave to meet the low'ring cloud.

Ye with sacred Friendship dwelling,
Cannot feel my rank'ling smart,
Cannot know th' oppressive swelling
Of a disappointed heart.
Ye who feel a husband's bosom,
Throb with bliss in love secure;
Ye who clasp an infant blossom,
Learn the anguish I endure.

Though the fires of heaven are flashing—
Though the thunders loudly roar,—
Winds are blust'ring—surges lashing—
Bursting clouds their torrents pour.

Yet they seem in calm to languish,
When compar'd with what I feel;
O that I to shun such anguish,
Held within a heart of steel.

Torn from Friendship's dear protection,
Far from every tender smile;
Am, though I abhor subjection,
Prisoner in this desert Isle!
Though no massy fetters bind me,
No dark dungeon knew my wail;
Waves before and rocks behind me,
Mark the bound'ries of my jail.

Yet e'en here would Tyrants measure,
O'er the freedom of my chain;
Lest its length might add one pleasure,
Lest one joy should soften pain.
But my soul disdains their malice,
Freedom on a spot so small.
Could they add my crown and palace,
Whilst in bonds she'd loath them all.

Liberty thou star of nations,
Breath of life and meat for souls,
Queen of all our expectations,
Reigning far beyond the poles:
Where thou shin'st are none benighted,
With thy breath and food we thrive,
By thy laws are all delighted,
All would in thy empire live.

As my guardian once I chose thee,
Soon thou gav'st a chair of state.
Still in vain might all oppose me,
But Ambition led my fate.
Once I drank of Glory's fountain,
Deeper than beseem'd my birth;
From Ambition's highest mountain,
Proudly sought to rule the earth.

Short that dream of phrenzy lasted,
Had I felt content with less,
All my hopes had not been blasted,
In this irksome wilderness.

Those who gave the crown of honor,
Rul'd with me their native state,
When they saw her foes press on her,
Left their country to her fate.

Still some faithful-hearted vet'rans
Join'd me in the doubtful strife;
Thousands left their babes, and matrons,
Risking all held dear in life.
O that o'er this world of water
I might waft one grateful tear,
To those graves where horrid slaughter
Laid the heroes lov'd so dear.

But that blessing is denied me,
Else would I their loss repair;
Though e'en Fate himself defied me,
Give a friend, a father's care.
Long to raise my warlike nation,
I victorious armies led,
Till at last a coalition
Form'd with Britain at its head.

They to crush me thus united
Led their legions to the field;
We to meet them were delighted,
But to numbers skill must yield.
France they overpower'd and vanquish'd,
And her armies scattered far,
Me to Elba's Island banished,
Lest I should protract the war.

Though defeated, yet not idle,
There I learnt from every spy;
Foes could weaken yet not bridle
Men so used to Victory.
Friendship too thus press'd me onward;
Can my sire forgive his friend?
When he asks, Canst thou e'er downward
On a sea-girt kingdom bend?

Though from thee thy crown be wrested,
Still thy armies own thy name;
On thy arm their hopes are rested,
Well they know their leader's fame.

Pardon that I speak thus boldly,
Thousands yearn to see thy face,
Shall thy dauntless spirit coldly
Wear these fetters of disgrace?

Let thy foes yet see thy glory—
Laurels glean'd like thine to fade?
Never!—wear them 'till thou'rt hoary,
Death or triumph be thy bed!
Thus I weighed my friend's instruction,
France, I prize thy love to me;—
If I stay 'tis thy destruction,
If I come, may'st set thee free.

Friendship! balm to every sorrow,
Bond for souls of purest tie,
Tears will half our anguish borrow,
Glist'ning in thy sacred eye.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

THE EXILE OF ST. HELENA,

Canto the Second.

———"such joy ambition finds."
MILTON.

He no more with feelings faltered,
Words like torrents pour'd his ire;
E'en his glist'ning eyes were altered,
Now they blazed their warlike fire.
Arms no more in grief were folded,
Rais'd or sunk as passions moved;
Gestures to his words were moulded,
Thus he breath'd the theme he loved:—

"Once again I brav'd the billows,
Saw with grief my native shore;
Clad with cypress mix'd with willows,
Laurels deck its strand no more.

Soon did marshal'd thousands rally,
Ripe for liberty and fame,
Every mountain, every valley
Echo'd blessings on my name.

On I led, with hopes of saving
France from Bourbon's galling chain;
High in air the banners waving
Urg'd me to the fatal plain.
Loud the fiery cannon's rattle
Join'd the trumpet's piercing sound;
Foaming steeds, prepar'd for battle,
Neighing, paw'd the dewy ground.

Yet a sad portentous feeling
Press'd the leaders of my host;
They beheld the empire reeling,
Spread with foes, and Paris lost.
Soon we met the bold invaders,
Shining bright as Ophir's mines;
Saw their proud exulting leaders
Ride along the stretching lines.

Now was heard the battle's clangour,
Thundering cannons shook the ground
Now was seen death's pallid langour,
Now was seen the gushing wound.
Sword on sword with fury clashing,
High was raised the reeking spear;
Lances in the sunbeams flashing
Blaz'd like meteors in the air.

Men with men for life engaging,
'Till their blood o'er-spread the plain;
Wounded chargers panting, raging,
Trod and tore the fallen slain.
From amid this dire effusion
One of giant mould—a foe,
Broke through Carnage and Confusion,
Dealing death at every blow.

When battalions would surround him,
Stern he eyed their threat'ning might;
Then, for strength could not confound him,
Rush'd to meet th' unequal fight.

Giant nerves appear'd to brace him,
Wide he cut his gory way;
Though no veteran there could face him,
Yet I heard he fell that day.

Who shall call me second Nero,
He with blood and death elate;
I, though 'twas a British hero,
Wept for Shaw's untimely fate.
Soon their grand conjunction meeting,
Charg'd and conquer'd every post;
Flying squadrons fast retreating,
Told that dreadful day was lost.

When was heard their trumpet sounding,
Anguish darken'd every eye;
'Twas an echo so astounding,
'Twas their trump of Victory.
Had Niag'ra's roaring thunder
Burst the gentlest vision's chain;
Had the earth been rent asunder,
Or a deluge roll'd again:

I'd not felt more consternation,
Hope refus'd one partial ray,
Empire, friends, and reputation,
All were lost on that dark day.
Useless now my weak assistance,
Vainly dying shriek'd to me;
Soon their groans were lost in distance,
I had gain'd the welcome sea.

Ruin seem'd o'er me impending,
Left no place of safe retreat,
I, on British fame depending,
Rashly brav'd my hidden fate.
But I found no heart relenting,
Woes like mine could find no claim,
Doom'd an exile here repenting,
That I trusted but from name.

Hopeless he who rules o'er empires—
Friendless too but through his gold;
Stung by scorpions, drain'd by vampires,
'Till like mine his heart is cold.

When their greedy jaws are glutted,
Then the Sire, whose smiles they woo'd,
Must from throne and power be rooted,
Exiled far, or shed his blood.

I had thought my foes were milder;
But could malice find a place,
Where the dreary scenes were wilder,
Less to comfort less to please?
Long my spirit cannot linger;
Soon shall I and sorrow part;
Now, e'en now, I feel death's finger
Press like ice upon my heart."

With downcast eye he left his station,
Storms had sunk to silent rest,
Nature calm—but agitation
Seem'd to revel in his breast.
Soon his soul forced through her barrier;
We no more shall hear his moan,
Death has laid that mighty warrior,
Low beneath the chilling stone.

Thus was proud Napoleon banish'd
Claim'd by Death ere Life's decay,
Plumes at Waterloo all vanish'd,
Worn by Wellington away.

EPIGRAM,

Written on the Fly-leaf of Wolf's Remains when returned to a Lady who had lent it the Author.

In days of yore, the Wolves were driven
By royal word from England's plains;
But now we fondly dream of heaven,
When feasting on a Wolf's Remains.

SONNET TO VICTORY.

When carnage like a hydra burst his chain,
And thousands in the dubious conflict die,
The battle turns; then from the reeking plain,
Men scarce alive, yell out for victory.
Through time with emulative zeal we find
The mightiest talents hov'ring near thy bower;
But all confess, who subjugates his mind,
Shall grace thy brow with nature's richest flower.
Thou mad'st in heaven's great war (thy place of birth)
The rebel angels fly th' embattel'd field
And ruthless Death, though conquering all the earth,
With Sin and Silence must to Victory yield:
Gethsemane! there, the glorious seed was sown,
Whence sprang the loftiest Laurel in thy crown.

NATURE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Avaunt thou grizzled hag, I hate thy scowl,
And oft in terror strive to shun thy gaze;
Down to thy empire, there in darkness howl,
And hear the damn'd yell curses to thy praise.
What shall I call thee? hydra, gorgon, fiend,
Thy dragon's mouth sends forth a deadly flame,
By which the roots of Hope are oft calcined,
And wild Despair reviles her sacred name.
Thou wast, foul Sorceress, in rebellion born,
Expell'd from heaven and Eden's fair retreat,
Where'er thou mov'st, up springs a rankling thorn,
And fiery scorpions hang about thy feet.
Deadly I hate thee, yet one boon I crave—
Let's drop acquaintance ere I reach the grave.

PIETY TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Spirit of mercy—that on thee I've rail'd,
Forgive.—'twas in the sick'ning hour of grief,
When every prospect, every hope had fail'd,
And Sympathy denied her blest relief.
But when that night of storms had passed away,
And Hope with sapphire ting'd the dawning sky,
Reflection chid me for the impious lay,
And bid me hail Thee, as a heavenly spy.
Spirit of mercy! watch each brooding thought;
When hopes are frail, check their delusive glow;
So shall I learn by Disappointment taught;
'Tis vain to seek for happiness below.
School on; thy stripes (though sore) my feeble tongue
May laud as mercies, in a dying song.

ON THE BIBLE.

A sacred chart where christians see their way,
Traced out (in lines of living truth) to God,
Where every promise sheds a glowing ray,
To pierce the clouds, which shade the heavenly road.
Through ages then enroll'd, the Patriarch's saw,
These rays all gather'd up in one great flame,
Whose blaze would purify the broken Law,
And shew a refuge, heritage, and name.
Herein the dead may live, the blind may see,
The tear of anguish tremble in a smile,
The groaning captive from his bondage flee,
The weak find strength equivalent in trial:
The poverty of earth, the wealth of heaven,
The power of grace in every page is given.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

Thou ne'er wast seen on heaven's celestial plain,
Thou can'st not trace thy lineage from the earth,
Nor can those shades, where Misery drags her chain,
Claim the bright glory that they gave thee birth;
Pure as the crystal drop of dewy morn,
Yet thy existence is upheld by sin;
When pale affliction plants the goading thorn,
Then in thy utmost triumph art thou seen.
At times thou creep'st around the tragic stage,
Then with the hero walk'st the field of strife,
Thou mov'st in worship, o'er the sacred page,
And tremblest at the sad mishaps of life;
Thou once wast glist'ning in Emmanuel's eye,
The richest gem e'er shed by sympathy.

TO HOPE.

Hail light of life! bright as a meteor's blaze
Thy rising flame, whose sparks to heav'n aspire:
The sons of Salem revel in thy rays,
Nor droop encouraged by thy holy fire.
Of thee bereav'd, the strugg'ling heart borne down
By sin and life's oppressive ills, must break;
Despair and Death will o'er its brooding frown,
And bound each prospect by the Stygian lake—
But blest with Hope, the feeblest Saints shall sing;
Though Achor's shades oft echo to his sighs,
In faith he'll soar triumphant on thy wing,
Through some bright vista leading to the skies;
On Death's dark flood, Hope follows as his guide,
Smooths the rough waves, and wafts him o'er the tide.

HOPE.

As o'er some marshy wild, enwrapt in night,
The tim'rous traveller prys his doubtful way
Takes the false guidance of a vap'rous light,
And sinks deluded by its dazzling ray :
So is my life; its sky is overcast,
Hope spreads her wings, and floats her smiling form
To hide the cloud; but soon some withering blast
Drives her away, and leaves me to the storm.
Yet strange—should famine, wreck, or rapine mock,
The scathing pestilence, the war of Kings,
Yea—if this mighty universe should rock,
I'd seek a refuge 'neath her golden wings,
In Death's lone hour, be Hope's bright radiance given,
Not to deceive, but light me up to heaven.

ON ETERNITY.

Scarce had my name on Time's unerring scroll
Been traced by Nature, ere Mind's nimble feet
Mov'd on, and Reason strove to gain her seat
Of Empire;—then, e'en then, I felt the soul,
An age began, whose years must ever roll.
A boundless ocean whence there's no retreat,
Where yielding up their borrow'd drop, all meet,
And prove that Life's a visionary goal.
Who space can measure, or from the dread deep
Of fathomless futurity draw light?
If such there be, 'tis he who wak'd from night,
And walks unfetter'd by the world's dull sleep;
For nought but Death can teach the restless eye,
To read the volume of Eternity.

OMNIPOTENCE.

Go, Atheist, search the beauties of the vale,
The appalling ravine in the mountain's side,
The lordly forests waving in the gale,
The fierce volcano, and the ocean's tide.
Look on the stars which crowd infinity,
The silent moon who lends her borrowed light,
The gorgeous sun the sovereign of the sky,
The fiery comet in his rapid flight;
Nay, follow earthquakes to the world's dark womb,
Read active life in Nature's varied laws,
Muse on the reckless havoc of the tomb!
Then own that Nature *has* a moving cause;
Should all these fail, still must thy trembling soul
Confess Omnipotence directs the whole!

THE CICESTRIAN LYRE.

To the top of Parnassus that famed classic mountain
I wander'd ere Horus had gilded its brow;
At its base I had sipp'd of that mystical fountain,
Whence the streams of Pierus incessantly flow.

This world pass'd away, with its joys and its quarrels,
'Midst alcoves and grottoes deliciously spread
Were full blooming myrtles, sweet roses and laurels,
With jessamines, richly entwined o'er my head.

A sweet thrilling murmur, not music terrestrial,
Now roll'd through the vapours which floated on high;
'Twas a sonnet of praise from the spirits celestial,
Who sang whilst approaching the mount from the sky.

The clouds roll'd apart, and Apollo descending
With his banners of peace by the Graces unfurl'd,
Sat down to receive from the muses attending
Their sweet scented chaplets obtain'd in the world.

Now first from the circle Urania advancing,
Thalîa to aid her, presented a scroll;
But what was my joy 'midst a scene so entrancing
On beholding "Cicestria" inscrib'd on the roll.

The sisters stood by, while Apollo in silence
Examin'd each floweret bound up in the zone,
Then smiling replied, "Give her minstrels my licence
To send up their off'ring, with songs to my throne.

"Cicestria's fair Bards need our aid in their measure,
To spread emulation I've brought from the skies,
This high sounding lyre;—what a solacing treasure
Did Otway and Collins possess in the prize.

Since then it has lain not awarded to any,
By those who distribute the laurels of Fame,
Tho' the songs we have heard from her minstrels are many,
Since her dews were impearl'd by ethereal flame.

" Convey it from hence, let it lay unmolested,
Till a Bard shall arise, whose high claim may aspire,
Then let the bold Sage with the boon be invested,
Who shall dare to awake the Cicestrian Lyre."

The Muses now mounted a cloud much inflated
With electrical air, and rode swiftly along,
Melpomene too, with their mission elated,
Flew back to fair Albion, that Island of Song.

The god gave a smile as he saw them disdaining
The use of the ocean and pace of the gale,
Then turn'd with a nod to the Muses remaining,
Who gave him their off'rings from mountain and vale.

Each one on presenting her minstrel's oblation,
Receiv'd in reward a fit wreath for his brow;
Then flew from the mount flush'd with high exultation,
To crown as her bard her glad offspring below.

Rejoice, gentle Bards, since your claims are succeeding,
Apollo hath said " Let the Muses inspire,"
Waft your songs to the Synod, nor malice be heeding,
Till again you awaken Cicestria's Lyre.

The following Stanzas, were written as a tribute, to a laudable and determined perseverance, in one who as my only transcriber deserves much more to be said in her praise, having performed her task surrounded by difficulties the author believes unparalleled.

When a curtain of darkness was drawn in my way,
And my steps became fearful and slow,
When these eyelids first clos'd on the brightness of day,
Did'st thou wish then to leave me? O no.

When the tide of Misfortune, and Penury swell'd,
And the tempest constrain'd me to bow;
In these seasons of grief, when I wrongly rebell'd,
Did'st thou wish then to leave me? O no.

When thy task became stern, and thy cares bore thee down,
Did'st thou shrink from thy portion of wo?
When the phantoms of Friendship were faded or flown,
Did'st thou wish then to leave me? O no.

May our streamlet of life ripple softly along,
Though my ringlets quite hoary may grow ;
And the muse of my youth may refuse me a song ;
Wilt thou wish then to leave me ? O no.

When the thoughts of hereafter my moments engage,
And my hopes in futurity glow ;
Though infirmity hasten a peevish old age,
Wilt thou wish then to leave me ? O no.

When my last ebbing praises shall hang on each breath
And my sojourn seems measured below,
And the joys of my rest are commencing in death,
Will thou wish then to leave me ? O no.

When Eternity opens the brightness of day,
And its glories encircle my brow;
When the shadows of Time have all fleeted away,
Wilt thou wish then to leave me ? O no.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Note 1, *Page* 15.

The late James Woods, Esq. of Shopwick, left a donation to Chichester Infirmary.

Note 2, *Page* 15.

M. Quantock, Esq. a young gentleman of high respectability and promising talents fell a sacrifice to the amusement of Skating.

Note 3, *Page* 18.

Dugal with a few other Monks, (his followers) were the first who propagated Christianity in these parts commencing at Bosham.

Note 4, *Page* 18.

Here also the daughter of Canute is supposed to have been buried.

Note 5, *Page* 19.

A Telegraph stands on Portsdown Hill, forming part of the line of communication between London and Portsmouth; here also is a Fair kept annually, once one of the most considerable in England, but now much on the decline.

Note 6, *Page* 20.

Stansted stands about seven miles North-West of Chichester the seat of the last Earl of Halifax, who built this tower as a pleasure-house, it stands within a mile of the mansion and is taken as a land-mark.

THE SWISS HORN.

In the upper Vallies of Switzerland, far above the common haunts of men, suspended as it were between heaven and earth, the hardy Swiss exhibits a pleasing if not a sacred example to the Travellers, who by chance intrude on their sequestered region. At the hour of sunset, the attention is suddenly aroused by the sound of a horn, whose blast calls forth the mellow echoes from the towering hills around; and breathes the signal of the hour of prayer. Scarce one brief hour has passed, again the horn is heard cheering the Peasants as they seek their homes; the like ceremony is also observed at sun-rise.

The following Sonnet, came to the Author of this little volume, through the medium of the post, it appears evident to him, that its writer has found means to possess himself of a pretty correct estimate of his circumstances and character. Whoever he may be, to whom the author stands indebted for this kind ray of encouragement, he begs him to accept of its insertion here, as a public testimony of his gratitude.

SONNET

TO THE BLIND BARD OF CICESTRIA.

Who is so blest as yonder sightless bard?
There Genius holds her sway. A hallow'd flame
Lights up his soul. His aim is not reward,
He sings from love to song; and though his name
Be deem'd obscure,— His malady severe!
Yet as the morning Sun, he soars on high
In a poetic—happy atmosphere.
And should his indigence excite a sigh,
Yet true as watchful needle to the pole
He tunes his lyre. (A wild melodious strain)
Nor praise, nor censure agitates his soul:
While strict integrity asserts her reign,
Thus Champion sing aloud thy cheerful lay
'Till earthly night be lost in heavenly day.

A. X.

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